

his companion, drawing back.

"Into a strange, new world, to you, my friend," replied Mr. Compton. "Come along. It's an excellent lesson for a man of your manner of life to learn how thousands of your fellow creatures live in these cities."

CHAPTER IV

The two gentlemen ascended a long, steep stairway, unlighted except by a gleam which issued thru a small window at the top. Standing there, well back in the gloom, they could see within the room without being observed by its occupants.

It was a novel spectacle which Mr. Bargane witnessed thru that window, the like of which he had not seen before. Near a large steaming kettle which hung over a grate stood young Sales. With a big ladle he was dipping savory looking soup from the kettle into large bowls.

Ranged on either side of a long low table which stood in the center of the room were some twenty or twenty-five little ragmuffins, apparently the most forsaken and destitute of that forsaken and destitute street. All of them were supplied with big bowls, into which they dived with the utmost eagerness.

The poor fellow sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands. Then he put his arms around as many as he could reach, and there the disconsolate little group clustered together like helpless sheep when bayed by dogs or wolves.

Mr. Compton glanced at his companion and saw him dash away a tear. "What does all this mean?" inquired the junior partner, making an ineffectual attempt to hide his emotion.

"It means," replied Mr. Compton, "that young Sales, being himself once a homeless waif on this street, from which he was rescued by a Christian worker and sent to a good home in the country, returned after a few years to his old haunts with the purpose of undertaking and carrying on a rescue work, all his own."

Until quite recently he supported it out of his own wages at the store, but I have been slipping in a few dollars of late, in ways unknown to the young man, and I see he has already enlarged his work.

After the soup he conducts a night school for a couple hours, winding up with a chapter in the Bible and the Lord's prayer, which all have been taught to repeat. This isn't the first time I have watched the performance thru this window. And now, partner, do you think that we ought to put a stop to it all?"

Without making any reply Mr. Bargane turned down the stairway. Going by the place where Sales lodged he left a note begging the young man to call at the office next morning. When he came, the junior partner not only apologized to him for what had occurred the previous day, but offered him a flattering promotion with a substantial increase of salary.

Robert accepted his good fortune joyfully, but he was obliged after that to enlarge his mission work very much, since besides his

own increased means he had at his command liberal and steady contributions from his employers, as well as from many of their wealthy friends.

Sisters' Society C. E.

Treasurer's Report of the S. S. C. E. for the Month of February

THEOLOGICAL CHAIR

Reported overdrawn,	\$ 5 60
Mrs. E. J. Worst, pledge in full,	1 00
Miss Navina Wilson, on pledge,	1 00

Overdrawn,	\$ 3 60
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HOME MISSIONS

Reported,	\$ 158 27
To treasurer of N. M. B.,	10 00

Total,	\$ 148 27
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SUPERANNUATED MINISTERS FUND

Reported,	\$ 23 56
Mrs. M. J. Parr, on pledge,	1 00

Total,	\$ 24 56
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HOLSINGER FUND

Reported,	\$ 17 20
Mrs. Rodger Darling, on pledge,	26

To Brother Holsinger,	\$ 17 46
	10 00

Total,	\$ 7 46
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ALICE E. AUGUSTINE.

Box 477, South Bend, Ind.

A LIFE OF SERVICE

MRS. CLARA W. MILLER

An aged mother was standing on the brink of eternity. Angels were hovering near beckoning her waiting soul to follow their celestial way. While she tarried she bade her children—sons and daughters in Christ—the last farewell, and blessed them with a parting benediction. Her countenance brightened with a holier glow as she neared the journey's end and took the way upward from the land of Beulah to the gates of the Celestial City. Christ drew aside the dark curtain and said, "It is I; be not afraid." We are in an holy presence when we stand beside the beloved form of a dying saint, one so soon to behold the glory of immortality and be folded in the loving arms of her Savior. She heard Christ say to her, "Fear not; I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Where I am, ye shall be also. Having loved my own which were in the world, I love them unto the end. Thou shalt be forever with the Lord."

"'Tis I; be not afraid,
'Tis I who led thy steps aright,
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight,
'Tis I, thy Lord and Life and Light;
Be not afraid."

What a reward for the servant of Christ who has labored long in his vineyard if she can point to the gathered flock arrayed in white before the celestial throne and say, "These are my hope, my joy, my crown."

There is more work to be done, but not today. The plow stands in the furrow, but the laborer has passed peacefully from his

toil homeward. Death is only life hiding its face for a while to reveal it lovelier and holier in another world; as the little mountain stream rushing thru the darkened icy gorge bursts forth into the beautiful valley of Chamouni. These problems of subtraction wrought by death are hard to solve. And one of the crucial tests of our Christianity is how we bear these sorrows.

The religion of the world is a religion of love; it is a home religion; it is a religion of peace and comfort. The tender hand-clasp, the friendly look, the gentle word—these are like manna from the skies to the hungry soul, for there is a soul hunger as well as a bodily hunger. "As ships meet at sea," says Henry Ward Beecher, "a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies." There is nothing more sad than post mortem kindnesses, which offered to the living might have brought sweet peace and rest. The comfort that comes too late is like pardon after the execution.

The sweetly solemn message of God's love whispered to the erring soul may prove an eternal blessing, for we must raise men's bodies by first raising their souls. In this great work Christ is the shibboleth that echoes in every heart. The measure of your sympathy for the world's suffering is the measure of your sympathy for your Lord; the measure of your love for humanity is the measure of your love for Christ. That was a noble tribute which was paid to Alexander H. Stevens when his body servant said of him, as he wept beside the statesman's bier, "Mas'r Alick was kinder to dogs than most folks is to men."

To uplift the fallen, purify the nation, and enthrone righteousness belong pre eminently to woman's sphere. The mother rocks in the cradle not merely her child but the destiny of nations. When Frances Willard was asked, "Have you a life motto?" She answered, "Yes, *Mea Vita Vota*;" my life is a vow. Her ministry as should be that of every true woman was "for God, and home, and native land."

Ruskin says, "Wife means 'weaver.' You must either be house wives or house moths. In the deep sense, you must weave men's fortunes, and embroider them, or feed upon them, and bring them to decay."

Dear sister, perhaps you grow discouraged with your daily round of homely duties, and think your life is spent for naught. But if the moments that thus fill the days and weeks of your life are spent for Christ the years will bring great blessings to you and your household. Henry Drummond said he found that the only thing worth doing in the world was to do the will of God. And whether this is done in the home, or in the pulpit, or in the school room makes no difference, if we are sure we are where he wants us to be. "My meat and my drink is to do the will of Him that sent me." Take courage, go straight to God's work with earnestness and